THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT, FOR 1808.

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[Embellished with — An elegant Frontispiece, designed and engraved by eminent Artists. — An engraved title-page. — The newest fashionable London Dresses, elegantly coloured. — And, An entirely new Pattern in the most improved Taste]

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1809.

Containing the usual variety of interesting, entertaining, and instructive Articles.

*** The long and flattering Approbation with which a candid and generous Public has honoured the LADY's MAGAZINE cannot but excite the warmest gratitude on the part of the Proprietor, and stimulate him to make every exertion still to continue to deserve such distinguished favour. He presumes this Miscellany will be constantly found to merit a continuance of that very liberal encouragement from its Fair Patronesses with which it has been, for so many years, so amply rewarded.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT, FOR 1808.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK'S VILLA, BLACKHEATH.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

THE duchess of Brunswick's house at Blackheath is a handsome brick and stone building, erected by the celebrated earl of Chesterfield, at the expence of nine thousand pounds, and was frequented by the most elegant literati and choicest wits of the age. It originally consisted only of one wing, to which lately another has been added. It has undergone a complete repair, and is now spacious, elegant, and uniform. It is situated on the heath near that romantic spot called 'The Point,' the prospect from which perhaps exceeds that from any part so near the metropolis. The house and grounds of the duchess are adjoining to those of her royal highness the princess of Wales, and there is a private communication between them. These illustrious personages frequently honour the public in the vicinity with their presence, both in their carriages and on foot; and the neighbouring villages resound with expressions of gratitude for the condescension and beneficence they experience from them. The venerable duchess is equally alert with her amiable and royal daughter, in seeking opportunities to alleviate distress; and though the princess may reside at Kensington, it is thought Blackheath will often be honoured with her company.

The duchess, though advanced in years, appears active, and though suffering under the loss of a gallant and noble husband (the late duke), seems serenely cheerful in finding a comfortable and deserved asylum in her native country. The numerous repairs and additions do not meditate any intention of her royal highness the duchess to leave that delightful spot.

When the duchess first came to

Blackheath, the house on the summit of Conduit Vale, where the conduit stands, and from which the vale takes its name, was her abode, till the house she now resides in was prepared.

The back of the premises, and those of the princess's, look into the beautiful park of Greenwich, where a considerable quantity of ground is inclosed, and the style in which the princess has caused the gardens to be laid out, does infinite honour to her taste. Her conservatory is perhaps a pattern for any gardener to imitate; and in what be called her kitchen garden, a number of little boys are, we are assured, almost constantly employed, and the profits of their labour bestowed on them to defray the expence of their clothing and education.

The front of the duchess's house is beautifully embowered by two rows of stately trees, except an opening which affords the view given in the plate annexed. The front of the princess's house is quite hid by them.

This house, as has been said above, and the gardens and grounds laid out by Mr. John Meader, gardener to his lordship, and author of a treatise on gardening, under the title of 'Mawe's Gardener's Practical Dictionary, revised, corrected, and improved, by John Meader.' He was afterwards gardener to the duke of Northumberland, and subsequently went to Russia, where the late empress, Catharine II., employed him in laying out an English garden, at the four corners of which were four palaces, in one of which prince Potemkin resided. To effect this he pulled down a considerable part of the suburbs; but the inhabitants of them had no reason to complain, as he built for them houses much more convenient than those he had destroyed.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

The following reflections on the town of Birmingham, and on what may be called the manufacturing system, are extracted from the Letters of Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella, a Spaniard, making a tour through England. Now, though the authenticity of the book, as far as it purports to be written by a Spaniard, is, I believe, given up, or, at any rate, certainly extremely doubtful, there is something in the reflections on this subject, in my opinion, so just, and the picture is so like what I have every day before my eyes, that, by giving them a place in your agreeable miscellany, you will oblige a constant reader, and occasional correspondent,

B. C.

Birmingham, Oct. 24, 1808.

PICTURE of BIRMINGHAM.

'YOU will look perhaps with some eagerness for information concerning this famous city, which Burke, the great orator of the English, calls the grand toy-shop of Europe. Do not blame me if I disappoint you. I have seen much, and more than foreigners are usually admitted to see; but it has been too much to remember, or indeed to comprehend satisfactorily. I am still giddy, dizzied with the hammerings of presses, the clatter of engines, and the

whirling of wheels; my head aches with the multiplicity of infernal noises, and my eyes with the light of infernal fires. I may add, my heart also, at the sight of so many human beings employed in infernal occupations, and looking as if they were never designed for any thing better. Our earth was designed to be a seminary for young angels, but the devil has certainly fixed upon this spot for his own nursery-garden and hot-house.

'You must forgive me, if I do not attempt to describe processes, which I saw too cursorily, and with too little pleasure to understand. A sick stomach will not digest the food that may be forced down it, and the intellect is as little able to assimilate that for which it has no aptitude.

'When we look at gold, we do not think of the poor slaves who dug it from the caverns of the earth; but I shall never think of the wealth of England, without remembering that I have been in the mines. Not that the labourers repine at their lot; it is not the least evil of the system, that they are perfectly well satisfied to be poisoned soul and body. Foresight is not a human instinct: the more unwholesome the employment, the higher of course are the wages paid to workmen; and, incredible as it may seem, a trifling addition to their weekly pay makes these short-sighted wretches contend for work, which they certainly know will in a very few years produce disease and death, or cripple them for the remainder of their existence.

'I cannot pretend to say, what is the consumption here of the two-legged beasts of labour: commerce sends in no returns of its killed and wounded. Neither can I say that the people look sickly, having seen no other complexion in the place than what is composed of oil and dust smoke dried. Every man whom I meet stinks of train-oil and emery. Some I have seen with red eyes and green hair; the eyes affected by the fires to which they are exposed, and the hair turned green by the brass works. You would not, however, discover any other resemblance to a triton in them, for water is an element with the use of which, except to supply steam engines, they seem to be unacquainted.

'The noise of Birmingham is beyond description; the hammers seem never to be at rest. The filth is sickening: filthy as some of our own old towns may be, their dirt is inoffensive; it lies in idle heaps, which annoy none but those who walk within the little reach of their effluvia. But here it is active and moving, a living principle of mischief, which fills the whole atmosphere, and penetrates every where, spotting and staining every thing, and getting into the pores and nostrils. I feel as if my throat wanted sweeping, like an English chimney. Think not, however, that I am insensible to the wonders of the place: in no other age or country was there ever so astonishing a display of human ingenuity; but watch-chains, necklaces, and bracelets, buttons, buckles, and snuff-boxes, are dearly purchased at the expence of health and morality; and if it be considered how large a proportion of that ingenuity is employed in making what is hurtful as well as what is useless, it must be confessed that human rea-

son has more cause at present for humiliation than for triumph at Birmingham.'

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF MADRID.

THIS city, the capital of Spain, is situate on the river Manzanares. It was long only an obscure town in New Castile, belonging to the archbishop of Toledo; but the emperor Charles V. and his successors having chosen it for their residence, it is become the first city in Spain; though it is not numbered by the Spaniards among their *cindades*, or cities, but only among their *villas*, or towns. It has no fortifications nor ditches, being only surrounded with a bad wall. There are in consequence some gates, but these are by no means answerable to the grandeur of the city. All these gates are shut during the night, except the gate of Segovia, and are guarded by revenue officers, to prevent contraband trade. On approaching Madrid, nothing announces to the traveller that he is near the capital of the Spanish monarchy. The inns within two leagues of the city, are equally dirty, and destitute of all conveviences, with those in every other part of the kingdom. The soil appears barren, and without either trees or verdure, except on the banks of the Manzanares, where the traveller finds shade and refreshing coolness. In other respects the environs of Madrid present him with nothing agreeable. Over the Manzanares there is a superb, and, in time of flood, extremely necessary bridge, which notifies the vicinity of the royal residence; but, during the heats of summer, the river is nearly, and sometimes quite, dry; which caused a French wit to say of the bridge, that it only wanted a river to run under it.

Almost all the streets of Madrid are straight, wide, and well paved. Madrid has also several squares which in general are not very regular. The Plaza Mayor, however, especially deserves notice for its spaciousness and regularity, and the elegant and lofty houses it contains. It is fifteen hundred and thirty-six feet in circuit. The houses, of which there are a hundred and thirty-six, are of five stories, ornamented with balconies, the first of which, supported by pillars, form a piazza round the square, where the inhabitants may walk under cover. In the middle of the square a market is kept. In this square the *Auto da fès* or executions of the inquisition were formerly celebrated, with all their terrible apparatus. It is still the theatre of bull-fights which are given at the royal feasts.

The streets and squares of Madrid, except the Plaza Mayor, are ornamented with fountains in a very ill taste. The water of all these fountains is excellent, and the air of Madrid, though the weather be variable and uncertain, extremely pure. It was this purity of the air, and excellent quality of the water, which induced Charles V. and his successors to fix their residence in this city.

The city of Madrid contains fifteen gates, eighteen parishes, thirty-five convents of monks, and thirty one of nuns; thirty colleges, hospitals, or houses of cha-

rity, 7398 dwelling houses, and about 160,000 inhabitants.

There are four academies in Madrid. The first is the Spanish academy founded in 1714, in imitation of the French academy, and consisting of twenty four members including the president. Its first object was the compilation of a dictionary of the Spanish language, which was published in six volumes folio. The second is the academy of history, which owes its origin to a society of individuals, the object of whose meetings was to preserve and illustrate the historical monuments of the kingdom of Spain. Their labours met the approbation of Philip V., who, in 1738, confirmed their statutes by a royal cedula. This society consists of twenty four members, including the president, secretary, and censor. The other academies are—the academy of the fine arts, painting, sculture, architecture, and the academy of medicine. The latter is held in no great esteem.

MANNERS AND HABITS OF THE COSSACKS.

THE Cossacks never fight in a line. They are scattered by platoons, at the head, on the flanks, and in the rear of the Russian army, sometimes at considerable distances, they do the duties of advanced guards, videttes, and patroles. Their activity and vigilance are incredible. They creep and secret every where with a boldness and address of which none but those who have seen them can obtain. Their numerous swarms form, as it were, an atmosphere round the camps and armies on a march, which they secure from all surprize, and from every unforeseen attack. Nothing escapes their piercing eyes; they divine, as if by instinct, the places fit for ambuscades; they read on the trodden grass the number of men and horses that have passed: from the traces, more or less recent, they know how to calculate the time of their passing. A blood hound follows no better the scent of his game. In the immense plains from Azof to the Danube, in those monstrous solitudes covered with tufted and waving grass, where the eye meets with no tree, no object that can direct it, and whose melancholy uniformity is only now and then interrupted by infectious bogs and quagmires, torrents overgrown with briars, and insulated hillocks, the ancient graces of unknown generations; in those deserts in short, the roaming Cossack never misses his way.

By night the stars direct his solitary course: if the sky is clear, he alights from his horse at the first Kurgon that chance throws in his way: through a long habit of exercising his sight in the dark, or even by the help of seeing alone, he distinguishes the herbs and plants which thrive best on the declivity of the hillock exposed to the north and to the south. He repeats his examination as frequently as the opportunity offers, and in this manner he follows and finds again the direction which he ought to take for regaining his camp, his troop, or his dwelling, and any other place to which he is bound. By day the sun is his surest guide; the breath of the winds, of which he knows the periodical course, it being pretty regular in these countries, likewise serves him as

a compass to steer by.—As a new series of augury, the Cossack not unwillingly interrogates the birds; their number, their species, their flight, their cry indicate to him the proximity of a spring, a rivulet, or a pool, a habitation, a herd, or an army. Those clouds of Cossacks which encompass the Russian armies for the safety of their encampments, or of their marches, are no less formidable to the enemy. Their resistless vigilance, their rash curiosity, their sudden attacks alarm him, harass him incessantly, and incessantly controul and watch his motions. In a general engagement the Cossacks commonly keep at a distance, and are spectators of the battle; they wait for its issue in order to take to flight, or to set out in pursuits of the vanquished, among whom their long pike then makes a great slaughter.

On the Character of Sir Robert Walpole.

(By Dr. Warton.)

ON these lines of Pope which refer to sir Robert Walpole—

'Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for pow'r—
Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
Smile, without art, and win without a bribe.'

Dr. Warton, in his edition of Pope's Works, has the following note.

We must judge of this minister's character from the dissertation on parties, not from the eloquent Philippics, (for eloquent they were), uttered against him in both houses of parliament. Hume has drawn his portrait with candour and impartiality: and some of his most vehement antagonists, particularly the great lord Chatham, lived to allow the merits of that *long* and *pacific* ministry, which so much extended the commerce, and consequently enlarged the riches of the country.

When Pulteney and the patriots had resolved not to oppose sir Robert's famous excise scheme, as really thinking it a wise, expeditious, and certain method of collecting the revenue, lord Bolingbroke went round to them all, and earnestly told them, they *must oppose* it unless they wished sir Robert to be minister for ever. 'The wiser any measure is,' added he, 'the more those that are in opposition and out of place should oppose it: a foolish scheme falls to the ground of itself.'

Just before Atterbury went into exile, a large fine dropped to him as dean of Westminster; but he could have no right to receive it, without the seal being set to out in full chapter. Sir Robert Walpole earnestly inquired whether a chapter could not be held in the tower, that the bishop might receive the benefit of this fine. A chapter was accordingly there held, and the bishop received a thousand pounds for his share of the fine. This anecdote, which is well authenticated, does great credit to the liberality and good temper of sir Robert Walpole.

HARRIET VERNON;
OR,
CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.
A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 534.]

LETTER LXXXVI.

Miss West to Mrs. West.

Hampstead.

I AM favoured with my dear mother's letter, and, as it has your concurrence, am much pleased with the permission of continuing here till after the happy day, and I hope Mrs. Bishop will not be obliged to return home before that time. Maria desires her affectionate respects to you, and hopes that you will dispense, for the present, with her writing, and accept the communication of all her affairs from me. She sees what I write, and wishes me not to withhold a tittle from her dear maternal friend, as she styles you, that may give you amusement or information; I shall therefore write to you all that passes.

Mr. Wentworth went yesterday to treat with a captain going to Bengal for the conveyance back of the mulatto girl Mrs. Wentworth brought over with her. She is a tractable good girl, and he would have retained her here, but he thought it best to have nothing about him to remind him of disagreeable things; so his butler takes her to the ship to-morrow. He made a very acceptable proposal to Maria, which was to place Dorcas with his domestics, if Mrs. Ambrose should like to part with her. He goes to-morrow with Mr. Johnson to Windsor, by appointment, to sign the marriage settlement in due form. His lawyer is to attend, and intends speaking to Harriet about Dorcas; and if it be agreeable to all parties, the affectionate creature will come to Hampstead in the course of a few days. We are fully employed in adjusting matters. Some trifling alterations are making in Mr. Wentworth's house. We see him every day, and sometimes several times a day. Mrs. Wilson, I think, mends a little in her temper; she is amused by our affairs, and gratified by our attention to her advice: Maria consults her in every thing of no moment, and, sometimes, in little matters, gives up her own judgement. This pleases her, and, by this mean, a degree of harmony is kept up. — But we had an incident two days since that gave her a great deal of pleasure, and no small gratification to Maria. It was a visit of her sister, Mrs. Meadows. She had come to London to place her two daughters at one of the high boarding schools to finish their education, and took a ride to Hampstead to pay her sister a morning's visit. Maria happened to be over the way, giving her opinion to Mr. Wentworth on the disposition of some ornamental china, and placing of pictures. I was with Mrs. Wilson. After the first salutations with her sister, she looked at me, (Mrs. Wilson had not announced me): — 'I thought at first,' said she, 'this had been miss Vernon, but I see I was mis-

taken; I suppose she is gone, and this young person supplies her place: did she get a situation? I tried all I could among my acquaintance, but I could hear of nothing: it is very difficult for people who are too proud to stoop to some menial offices to be provided for, but I suppose by this time she has met with something, though I should have thought, as you have no family and are so infirm, she might have been useful to you.'

The very hint at infirmity set Mrs. Wilson up: nothing galls a vain person more than to be deemed infirm. Infirmity, you know, is a blemish in beauty.

'Miss Vernon is very well provided for,' she replied, 'but if she were not, I should not have thought to have retained her with me as my nurse if I wanted one, which I do not; my health is a good deal mended since I came here, and miss Vernon has met with a situation exactly to her mind.'

'I am glad of it,' said she: 'and what is become of her sister?'

'She lives with Mrs. Ambrose, a maiden lady at Windsor, who is very fond of her.'

'Ambrose!' said Mrs. Meadows; 'is she any relation to a colonel Ambrose, who came home from India some time since with a large fortune?'

'She is his sister, and they live together.'

'And pray, did I not hear that this gentleman was married to a young woman without a fortune; and that she had eloped with some lord?'

'Oh! dear no,' said Mrs. Wilson;'—and I was almost afraid she would have given the colonel's history, but luckily, at that instant, Wentworth entered the room, and not knowing any one was with Mrs. Wilson, spoke at his entrance.—

'We are come, madam, for your opinion: miss Vernon and I differ as to placing some portraits, and you must decide.'

He then spyed Mrs. Meadows, made his compliments to the strange lady, and, turning to Mrs. Wilson, begged pardon for his intrusion.—Maria then entered, and, making Mrs. Meadows a formal courtesy, inquired for the young ladies and all her family. Wentworth stared to find Maria knew her, and Mrs. Meadows appeared struck with his elegant figure, and the appearance of familiarity with Maria puzzled her.—But she was more so when Mrs. Wilson informed her that the gentleman was her opposite neighbour, and had done her the honour of consulting her in the furniture of the house—'But, 'said she, 'he pays more deference to miss Vernon's opinion than mine sometimes, for which I think I shall have a quarrel with him.'

'Not so, I hope, madam,' said Wentworth.

'Very well,' said she; and turning to Mrs. Weadows, told her, if she was fond of seeing fine pictures and India curiosities, she could, with this gentleman's permission, give her some entertainments. She replied she should like it of all things; and Mr. Wentworth saying, with a graceful bow, to Mrs. Meadows, that he should be honoured by her inspection, proposed going over; and we all sallied forth to Wentworth's house. Mrs. Meadows greatly admired the elegance of

his furniture, pictures, &c.; but from his behaviour to Maria was more and more puzzled in what light to view her. When she had viewed every thing she chose, she took her leave. Mrs. Wilson and I returned with her, Maria staid behind.

'A charming house! and charming things, indeed!' said she, — 'pray, sister, is this gen- leman married? I think he is ›ne of the finest young men I ave ever seen. If he is not mar- ie, I wish I had brought Ma- nne. She is a very fine girl; I nk he would have been struck th her. I suppose he has a ge fortune.'

'He has,' said Mrs. Wilson: e is not married yet, but will within three weeks.'

'Indeed!' said she; — 'then I ppose miss Vernon is to be the ly's maid.'

'Not so,' said Mrs. Wilson; he is to be the lady herself.'

'Good heavens!' said she, hat luck some people have!' Envy and mortification were y visible in her face. She co- ired up to her very eyes; but, ollecting herself, she drew her- f up, was very glad of it with her heart — 'And when is the dding to be?' said she.

Next Thursday fortnight,' l Mrs. Wilson.

Well, I shall be in town after t time, and shall most certainly y her a visit.' It would be a irable thing, she added, for daughters to have friends so r, and she should certainly cultivate the acquaintance. — 'Pray give my love to her,' said she, 'tell her I rejoice at her good fortune, and wish her all happiness.' She then looked at her watch — It was just three, and she must take her leave, as there was but just time to dress.

Mrs. Wilson asked her to come some other time to spend a day, but it could not be till after the wedding, which she gave her to understand was to be kept at her house, for that they were full of engagements.

'And pray,' said she, 'who are to be the bride-maids? This young lady, I suppose, is one.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Wilson; 'and her sister and another lady are others; every thing is settled.'

She then took leave, and departed to the no small joy of Mrs. Wilson, who has no sort of cordiality for her sister, nor is there any on her side; for although in some things their sentiments are alike, the extreme selfishness of both precludes all real affection. They have both their oddities; but Mrs. Meadows' great avarice and sordidness make Mrs. Wilson's character by far the most amiable. — You will, my dear mother, be highly gratified with this little incident: nothing can be more pleasing than to mortify the pride of an unfeeling heart, which this woman discovers in her behaviour to these two amiable sisters.

I take my leave for the present, and am, with compliments to Mrs. Bishop,

Your dutiful Daughter,
SUSAN WEST.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From the Same to the Same.

Hampstead.

Dear Mother,

THE two gentlemen set out for colonel Ambrose's as I told you in my last they intended, for

the purpose of signing the settlement. Mr. Wentworth returned yesterday alone, the colonel having given Mr. Johnson an invitation to prolong his visit. Wentworth was in high spirits from the reception he had met with at Windsor, nor was he much less pleased at the liking the colonel had taken to his friend. He told Maria, that he thought he had discovered in him a partiality for our Harriet, that he hoped would produce an alteration of sentiment respecting matrimony, which he had erroneously imbibed from his late uncle's prejudices, and his acquaintance with only the unworthy part of the sex. But he thought the amiable manners and conduct of the ladies he had lately conversed with would silence all his objections, and that he would, by marriage, be rendered a still more valuable member of society; and he did not know a person who seemed better suited to his disposition than was Harriet.

I find Mr. Wentworth made the proposal for Dorcas to be removed to Hampstead; Mrs. Ambrose had no objection. Dorcas was then called. She recognised Mr. Wentworth, and could not at first speak for joy. It was indeed the same Mr. Charles, and yet it was not the same, he looked so much happier than when he was in Lombard street, she should hardly have known him; and yet she should have known him too, for it was the same honest good countenance: 'Ah! dear sir, you will be the happiest man in the world with so good a wife as my young mistress.'

'I suppose,' said he, 'you have no objection to living with your young mistress again?'

'To be sure I should be very glad, if madam Ambrose won't think one ungrateful; for to be sure I am more obliged to the colonel and madam than to all the world besides. Had it not been for his goodness, I don't know what would have become of me. God bless him!—And then to think how kind madam has been to me.—' and the poor soul wept.

'Well, Dorcas, your young mistress, Harriet, has settled al[l] matters with Mrs. Ambrose; sh[e] is very willing to consign you t[o] my care, and you may come [to] my house as soon as is con[ve]nient.'—I find Friday is fixed for her arrival.—

I believe I shall not write ag[ain] this week: I expect a letter [from] our Harriet, and perhaps [I may] from that be able to form so[me] judgement on the surmises M[r.] Wentworth has given us.

I am, my dear mother,

Your ever affectionate,

SUSAN WE[NTWORTH]

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES FROM NATUR[E]
A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 546.]

LETTER XXI.

Lady Walsingham to the Dowa[ger] Countess of Aubry.

I NOW sit down to finish the narrative begun in my last.

'The very next morning after our arrival, we all assembled, and

the seals were broken. Every drawer, every crevice, was searched by Mr. Highworth; but no will was to be found. The father of my Henry could not conceal his joy. "Yet," said he, "I wonder she did not make a will for your sake, after giving you such an expensive education; but I suppose she thought fifty pounds a-year, to be given out of the family, quite enough in conscience."

'While he was speaking, he opened a private drawer, and took out five one thousand pound notes, bound together by a strip of paper; on which a few words were written in Mrs. Montague's hand. Those he crumpled up, and put in his pocket. "How foolish of my sister," said he, (forcing a laugh) "to keep so much money in the house."

'I was astonished at his conduct, yet attended him quite through the search, but no written papers of any consequence were found. "Well," said he, addressing himself to me, "you see plain enough that there is no will: but, as my sister said the jewels in the cabinet were for you, take them; no one shall ever have reason to accuse me of injustice."

'I took the casket from his hand, more for the sake of her who had worn some of them, than from any desire of being possessed of such valuables. But my father was not so easily satisfied.

"If, Mr. Highworth," said he, "you wish to maintain a character for justice, you must produce the paper which you thrust into your pocket."

He changed colour.—"What do you mean by this demand, sir? has not your daughter received favours enough from my sister, but you must quarrel with her brother about her fortune, now she is no more. Upon my soul you make good the old adage, 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the ———.'"

"Mr. Highworth," said my father, "this reproach is as derogatory to your character to utter, as it was for mine to hear. Your departed sister has been kind in the extreme to me and my child; but suffer me to observe, sir, that her kindness flowed spontaneously,—it never was solicited,—it was not expected: yet I considered my obligations as rather increased than diminished by the voluntariness of her offer to become a mother to the motherless Jessica." A tear started to his eye.

"Well, well, well, let us have no more dismals, I beseech you now; we have had enough of them to last for these twenty years. You shall see the paper you make such a mighty fuss about.—Here it is: it says—'To be presented to my dear Jessica Maynard, on her wedding with Henry Highworth.' This paper, you see, contains five thousand pounds; but as the marriage cannot now take place, this money will never be paid."

"How, my father, not take place!" exclaimed Henry, starting from my side: "what is it you mean?"

"My meaning, young man, does not require the wisdom of a sphinx to explain. Your aunt would have given you five thousand pounds to marry this young woman; but she has died without a will, and I am the heir to all her property. Now it would be ridiculous to give myself five thousand pounds which are already my own: ha! ha! ha! childish

play indeed.—No, no, my boy; you must forget your aunt's choice, now she is gone, and conform to mine: and if you do it with a good grace, depend on it you shall never want this five thousand; for every thousand your wife brings I'll double to you.—And here's old Maynard himself" (clapping my father on his back) "will not blame me in his heart. He did the same thing; he brought his daughter to the best market; and I'll do the same for my son."

"Pardon an interruption," said my father, "Mr. Highworth; it was not on account of your wealth that I wished to call your son mine. He is an estimable youth; it was Mrs. Montague's—it was your son's—and I knew not till now but it was your wish also, that Henry and Jessica should be united."

"Had the marriage taken place, and you could have given Henry millions, instead of thousands, it never would have been lessened one shilling by the father of his wife. You and I are comparatively strangers, and may not perhaps know that I am possessed of an income, which, though you might not think it a subsistence, yet is more than sufficient for the wants of one whose hopes are in another world; one who, when he is straightened here, looks forward with confidence, and trusts that he has a glorious, happy mansion prepared for him above."

'Mr. Highworth took snuff—"All this is very fine," said he, "very fine indeed; but it won't do—it won't bite."

"Sir!" said my father with surprise.—"Why I tell you, old gentleman, it won't take; I'm not such an old fool as you seem to think. I know it is all fudge about your plantations in the moon, and castles in the air. The moon is a cold climate, and you would have the gout, or the rheumatism, or some confounded queer thing; and then you would very quietly give up your country-house in the other world, for a warm, comfortable brick one of my son's; but it won't do, old gentleman, it won't do," repeated he, with a triumphant laugh.

'The mild temper of my father would not allow him to feel rage; but the hectic which tinged his cheek for a moment, showed, that even he could not hear this opprobrious language without feeling resentment.

'Poor Henry had thrown himself into one of the window-seats; and sat without moving, or speaking, wildly staring at his father. I stood in silent suspense, waiting the conclusion of this extraordinary conversation. It was soon ended by my father taking my hand, and saying, "Come, my child, Mr. Highworth has forgot both what is due to himself and to us; we will leave him before he makes work for farther repentance."

"Yes, yes, I should make work for repentance, indeed," cried Mr. Highworth, "as things have happened; to give my son, who may have women with thousands, to a girl who has not a shilling but what his foolish aunt gave her. And as you said you had but a bare subsistence, let your daughter bring her fifty pounds a-year, and she may live with you very comfortably. I can assure you there are many parts of the king's dominions where you may live like princes on less money. I have made the tour of the three kingdoms, and can tell you that Scot-

land is a very cheap, ay, and a very pleasant country: but I would rather recommend Wales, and I will tell you for why."

"Keep your reasons till they are asked for, sir!" said my father: "you need not wish us out of England; your son will be as safe from seduction as if we were in the antipodes. While you retain your present sentiments, I would not on any consideration accept of Henry for a son."

'He took my hand, and was leading me out; when Henry sprung from his seat, and falling on his knees, holding my gown, he exclaimed, "Stay — Oh! stay — I conjure you — You must — I am your son: — this is my wife — I will have no other — my heart will acknowledge no other." — His father interrupted him in a perfect phrenzy; and stalking up to him, his face glowing, his hands clenched, laid hold of his collar, and dragged him on his feet, by main strength. — "Groveling wretch!" cried he, in a voice half stifled by rage; "to whom do you kneel! to whom do you humble yourself! to a man that owns himself worse than a beggar! — But mark my words, sir; if you persist in wishing to connect yourself with him, the devil of a shilling shall you ever touch of mine; and you will find waiting for the reversion of his estate in the other world rather a starving piece of business. I now give you a choice, which shall not be twice offered: — Either to live in affluence and elegance, respected by the world, and beloved by your father: or by marrying Jessica Maynard, to live on a man who has not a subsistence for himself, cursed by your father, and despised by the world."

'Oh! madam, what were my sensations when Henry returned no other answer than a deep groan, and threw himself along on the carpet. My kind, considerate father felt for us both; and, approaching him, said, — "My dear Henry, the presence of Jessica and myself add to your conflict; but remember, it is in your power to make the remnant of your parent's days happy or miserable. Be assured, an hour will arrive, when you will reflect with pleasure that you submitted to your father's will. We will retire that you may be at liberty to recollect your duty. Adieu! my dear boy; may you be as happy as old Maynard wishes. — You will have my prayers for your felicity."

'He bowed slightly to Mr. Highworth as we passed him, and conducted me down, scarcely sensible. But this apathy was effectively roused, by hearing Henry struggling with his father on the top of the stairs. Before we could reach the hall-door, he was with us. — "I will go with you," said he, with excessive agitation; "the whole world is nothing to me without Jessica."

'My father put me in the hackney coach which was waiting for us at the door; and gently pushing Henry back, shut the hall-door; and, stepping in to me, ordered the coachman to proceed as fast as possible to the Adelphi Hotel.

'And thus, madam, I bade a final adieu to a house, whose doors had been so many years opened with cheerfulness to me.

'Henry, who imagined we should return immediately, arrived at our cottage on the second day; but my father foreseeing, what was so likely to happen, had taken our route a contrary way. He made a flying tour round the coast

of England, which contributed to remove, at least to lighten, the depression of my heart, and re-establish my health. At the end of three months we arrived at the village, where I have ever since been, like my father, endeavouring to bear the vicissitudes of human affairs with fortitude, and to expect happiness only in that world of which Mr. Highworth thinks so little. One word more of Henry, and I have done. He wrote repeatedly both to my father and me, requesting permission to come down, and fulfil the wishes of his deceased aunt. I returned my letter, unopened: indeed I did not dare trust myself with a knowledge of its contents. My father answered his, and, by dint of reasoning, convinced him, that no marriage could be happy attended by the curses of a parent: and he appealed to Henry's own heart if he did not think his father would curse the day on which our marriage should take place. He assured him that his letters distressed me, as in a manner I considered myself his widow; and hinted that, for his sake I was determined to remain single: but that if after this confession he still continued to importune me with his letters, he should deem it an insult to us both; as it could be called by no softer a name than a clandestine correspondence.

'His next letter was directed to my father, thanking him for his last, which had convinced him that things at present must remain as they were. He had entered into a compromise with his father, not to mention marriage, if he would allow him to make the tour of Italy.

'He has written twice since, but his letters only contain descriptions of the places he passes through, with general inquiries after my health and happiness.

'Thus, madam, the months have glided uniformly on without any remarkable occurrence till this day; when my father was in his little garden, a countryman delivered a letter to me, and instantly disappeared. I looked at the superscription, and knew it to be my sister's writing. I opened it;—the contents nearly annihilated me. It said, that she and her cousin John had for some time kept company, with her aunt's knowledge; but that she unhappily had considered herself as his wife, rather before she ought; and now the connexion would be discovered by a living witness of her indiscretion; that her aunt had already found it out; that she was enraged, and had ordered her to leave the house; that John had run away, and that it was with the greatest difficulty her aunt would permit her to stay, till she could hear from her father, whether she might come home or not; that her uncle knew nothing of the matter as yet, but when he did, he would never forgive them, but throw the whole family into confusion.

'My father entered before I had recovered from the agitation this intelligence had thrown me into. He looked so happy, so satisfied, that I could not find in my heart to wound his peace by a recital of the dreadful news. Yet he ought to be made acquainted with it, for poor Lucy expects an answer to-morrow morning. This perplexity, madam, was the cause of the agitation you beheld; and now, if your ladyship can devise means to communicate this fatal intelligence without quite breaking a

heart, which, though familiar with misfortune, is a stranger to guilt, the known benevolence of your nature will excuse the freedom of the request, and kindly prompt the condescending communication."

This tale of tender beguiled me of many tears, and the conclusion left me in as much perplexity as the fair relator: however I told her I would accompany her home, and something might occur in conversation with her father, which might serve as an opening to the dreaded, yet necessary information. That if nothing of that sort should arise, I would endeavour, in the course of the night, to hit on some expedient to serve her sister, and at the same time shield her father's heart from sorrow.

The sweet girl was profuse in her acknowledgments. I requested her to favour me with her company the following morning; she promised to come; and we entered the village. She struck down a rural lane, which conducted us to the house: a grass plat, smooth as a bowling-green, on which lay a sheep and two lambs, surrounded by rustic paling. In the midst stood a large white cottage, a sash window on each side the door, which wass haded on one side by a grape-vine, on the other by a jessamine in full flower, formed a pretty arbour, in which sat the father of Jessica. He saw and knew me. He rose, and bowed with the air of a man who had been used to better days.—'This is an honour, madam,' said he, 'as great as it is unexpected; but I beg your ladyship will enter my cottage.'— He led the way to a small parlour, neatly papered. Some pleasing landscapes in gilt frames ornamented the walls. On the chimney-piece, which was of marble, were ranged china jars, filled with geranums and migni-onette. When we were seated, a ruddy faced healthy woman brought in a decanter of excellent cyder, and a salver of biscuits. — 'I have nothing better to offer your ladyship,' said the worthy Maynard; 'but as you visit the cottage, you will probably condescend to partake cottage-fare.'

'My dear sir,' replied I, 'neither you nor your cottage need any apologies; if any are due, it is from me, for thus intruding on your leisure: but as a criterion of welcome, we will dispense with all ceremony and apologies on both sides.'

He bowed, and the conversation turned on the meeting of his daughter and me. I mentioned it as quite accidental; nor spoke of the grief I found her involved in.

'And now,' continued I, 'this parlour is so charming, that if I do not intrude too much on your time and politeness, I should like to see the whole of your house and garden.'

'I fear,' said Jessica, with a sweet smile, 'the sight will not repay the trouble: however, I can assure your ladyship the ground you go over will not fatigue you.'

She opened the door of the opposite parlour, which was furnished similar to the other, with the addition of a small piano-forte: four charming pictures from scripture, in needle work, hung round the room. She next opened a door by the side of the fire-place, and led me into a most pleasing little room, fitted up as a small library or reading-room, adorned with busts of Pope and Addison, modeled in wax; and a whole length

painting of sir Isaac Newton. Opposite them were glass cases, filled with their works, and the labours of the most celebrated authors, in French and English. A small glass door opens on a flight of steps, on which were placed baskets of mignionette; and a vase with a pair of beautiful gold fish; those steps conduct to the garden. In this room stood an elegant harp.—'This,' said Jessica, laying her hand on it, 'was the gift of my dear maternal friend, and will ever be held invaluable by me for her sake.' We entered the garden, in which is a small kitchen, detached from the house. Every thing seemed to breath health, and express contentment. If I had not been apprised of the contrary, I should have thought it the abode of felicity; but sublunary happiness I begin to think an ideal being.

A pretty summer-house is erected on a pleasant mount, at the bottom of the garden. From the south window the prospect is elegantly picturesque. The spires of Walsingham castle, on which the moon-beams were playing, rose majestically above the dark brown trees which surround it, and added to the beauty of the scene.

'This place,' said I, addressing the venerable inhabitant, 'is a perfect terrestrial paradise. No noisome weed is suffered to remain in your garden, your house, nor your heart.'

He bowed—'Your ladyship's approbation does me infinitely more honour than I deserve. As for my garden, it has for years been my amusement, I may say my friend; for in its cultivation I have soothed many a sorrow, and passed many an hour cheerfully, which otherwise would have been saddened by bitter recollections. As to my house, every thing your ladyship is pleased to commend there, is owing to the excellent management of my daughter: and my heart, I will venture to affirm, was never in love with licentiousness, yet it has received many salutary lessons, and been restrained from the committing many follies, by that sober matron, poverty. Some gross errors have been weeded out by the hand of time, still more by affliction. Sorrow nipped my youthful, sanguine hopes; disappointment has blighted every latter one. You see now, madam, a poor old man, almost bowed down to the grave with age and trouble, who has but one earthly hope left, which is, that his children may be more fortunate than their father; at least that they may persevere undeviating in the paths of virtue he has pointed out to them; and a disappointment in this last hope, madam,—I cannot think of it—I have no reason to expect it.'

He covered his face with his hands. The gentle Jessica could not bear this—she walked to the window—her audible sobs alarmed her father: he started—'What ails you, my child,' said he, tenderly taking her hand.

'The thought that you have all your life, sir, been unhappy, overcame me; but I will endeavour to be more on my guard for the future: pardon me.'

'It is I ought to ask pardon of our noble visitor,' replied he, 'for damping the cheerfulness of the evening; by thinking on misfortunes which may never arrive, and which I have no reason to expect.'

'The conversation of this evening,' replied I, 'is more in unison

with my heart than the most brilliant sallies of wit, or the gayest society of the happy; for every string of that heart is attuned to woe. This evening we have enjoyed the "feast of reason," and I will add, the "flow of souls;" for, in the distresses of your amiable daughter, mine has sympathised. But will you give me leave to observe, that, in Jessica's narrative, she did not give me reason to expect any of that easy elegance which I find in every thing appertaining you?'

'Your ladyship,' said he, with a most benignant smile, 'shall soon be satisfied on that head.'

'I am the youngest of seven sons, and this large family impoverished an estate which would only have been a genteel competence for one. However, my father contrived to give us all a tolerably liberal education. A captain's commission, and one thousand pounds, was my whole patrimony. At three and twenty I married the mother of my Jessica, and, in something less than four years, buried all my happiness in her grave. Life appeared insupportable; yet the hope of being useful to her children, preserved me from rashness.

'The life of a soldier had never been very congenial to my feelings: I had now no ambition, and resolved to quit the army. The sale of my commission brought me four hundred pounds, which I immediately sunk as a life annuity. The thousand pounds, which was unimpaired, I placed in the funds, to be equally divided between my two girls, should they attain the age of maturity. My wife's friends had furnished a house for us, as it was the only portion they could give her. This is the furniture your ladyship has seen, except the music, books, &c. which were given to Jessica by her benefactress. A friend of mine procured the lease of this cottage for me of the earl of Walsingham's guardians; and here, for sixteen years, have I lived—"passing rich, with forty pounds a-year." It has pleased heaven to spare me my two girls to gild this dream of life; and time has mellowed my former sorrows into a pleasing melancholy, which I would not exchange for "the broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears."

I thanked him for his obliging communications, and rose to go, with regret. In passing through the little library, a drawing from Shakspeare's Tempest caught my eye. It was strikingly beautiful: I stopped to examine it. 'It is one of Jessica's performances,' said Mr. Maynard.

'How is this, Jessica! I thought music was your only fashionable accomplishment?'

'Your ladyship is perfectly right: Mrs. Montague gave me only a music master, but she was a complete mistress of all the ornamental branches of female education, and frequently amused herself by drawing flowers from nature. I made several efforts, and she was pleased to commend them: she even gave me instructions herself, and took pleasure in the task. I both loved and reverenced my teacher, and, perhaps, took lessons faster from her than I should have done from any other person.'

This interesting girl and her father accompanied me home, but I could not prevail on them to enter, as the evening was far advanced. However, they promised

to spend one whole day with me this week. At parting, I reminded Jessica of her engagement for the next morning.

I passed the night forming and rejecting plans concerning the imprudent Lucy, and could think of none better than that of writing to Mrs. Westbury, and promising to put them in business, if she would procure her husband's consent to their immediate marriage. This project I communicated this morning to Jessica, and she highly approves it. She said, that she thought her aunt would not withhold her consent if I were to write. I accordingly sat down, and wrote a few lines, informing her, that I was acquainted with the whole affair, and would, for the sake of her father and sister, advance a sum sufficient to set them up in a decent way of business; and it should be paid down on their wedding-day. Jessica added a postcript, offering to resign her title to the half of the thousand pounds in the funds in favour of her sister, on her marriage with her cousin John.

And thus the affair stands at present.

Adieu! my beloved mamma. You will have the goodness to forward this to Mrs. Howard when you have read it; she will expect it, and it will answer two purposes.

In your orisons remember your

CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

[*To be continued.*]

PALEMON AND BELINDA;

OR, THE UNFORTUNATES.

BY S. Y.

' Palemon saw the lustre of her eye,
And modest cheek of roseate damask dye;
He saw—and sudden felt Love's pleasing smart
Thrill through his breast, and centre in his heart;
A kindred flame her tender bosom warms,
And adds new beauty to her maiden charms;
The youth profess'd a passion for the fair,
Pure as the thoughts of heav'n's archangels are;
And she for him a mutual love profest!
* * * * * * * * * *

Noyes' — Distress.

WE are informed, and informed truly, that the unfortunate find consolation in complaining; and, by exciting a generous pity in others, in some degree relieve themselves; for the tears of compassion are beyond all others the most inexpressibly eloquent. I think hopeless, distressed lovers (according to my little experience) may justly claim the appellation of *unfortunates*, and deserve, in some degree, the tender, sympathetic feelings of consideration. To begin my narrative, allow me to exclaim with Pope,

' O may I never love as these have lov'd!'

A pleasant villa, not far distant from the banks of old meandering Granta, gave birth to the lovely Belinda. She was of an easy shape, her complexion fair, her dress plain and neat. She had no ambition, no ostentation; her only desire was to do good, and ensure esteem. Her parents lived upon a little income, which, with economy, enabled them to give Belinda a decent education. Having arrived at the age of eighteen, her charms became conspicuous. Palemon, a villager, and a neighbour, soon prevailed on the gentle Belinda to acknowledge a preference for him; and he entreated the permission of her parents to continue his ad-

dresses, but they made no scruple to deny him.

Palemon had a kind of handsome, melancholy countenance; his passions, affections, and sensations, seeming all totally centred in the love of his adored Belinda: he was no stoic, for often would he indulge the weakness of the human heart even to tears, when he gazed or thought on his dear Belinda. His manners procured him the love and esteem of every one, and the inward satisfaction he received from doing private good, was to him infinitely greater than any thing that can be derived from the empty phantom of popular applause: but,

'The sweetest rose will wither, while the storm
Passes the mountain thistle.'

Palemon addressed a letter to the father of Belinda, soliciting an interview, in which he might assure and convince him of his honourable regard for her. To this he received a final answer, that all his entreaties were useless; he was even forbidden to think of her.

One evening, by appointment, the lovers met in a little grove at the back of Belinda's cottage, when he repeated his regard for her, and regretted the denial of her parents. Belinda was not insensible to his affection.—He told her he could not endure to live near her, and not be permitted to see her.—He told her this was the last interview he perhaps would ever enjoy; for he had determined to leave his native land. The meeting was a scene that exhibited a strong and mutual passion: they wept, and avowed inviolable affection for each other. As they strayed round the little grove, Phœbus peeped with a timorous ray from the purple west, and strewed, with his departing glance, a luxuriant influence on the silent woods. At length the moment arrived when they embraced and parted, alas! for ever.

The hapless Belinda returned to the cottage of her parents, drowned by grief. The thought of parting with her Palemon preyed upon her mind.—He parted, perhaps for ever!—the thought was perfect annihilation—her eyes glistened with tears, and her troubled bosom heaved in agitation. Palemon loved her to distraction. A foreign author has truly depicted the character of a lover in the following lines:—

'Qui brula sa maison pour embrasser sa dame,
L'emportant à travers les flames.'

And to such an excess would the affection of Palemon have led him, could it but ought avail—Alas! sad and wretched was now the situation of the hapless Belinda. Duty to her parents, and the love she bore Palemon, had now a conflict.

'The dreary night she wretched pass'd,
Her heart was overcast with woe;
Her grief was like the whirlwind's blast,
Which nips the bud ere it doth blow.'

No long time had intervened ere another suitor came, who, he having caught the eye of Belinda, had become enraptured. He was possessed of wealth: he impertinently approached, bowed, sighed, and craved pardon for his abruptness. He offered his hand, talked of affluence, but it was useless. No words or man can describe the blushing modesty with which she declined his offer.—He assumed the *fierté* of something beyond the common sphere of life, dressed

smart, took snuff with an air, showed his ring to advantage, and dangled his cane with dexterity. His conversation was trifling: he talked of duels, and perfectly exhibited the character of a flippant coxcomb, with the airs of fashion, and the language of affectation. Yet he was the man (or rather a species of being) whom some of our modern feminines would rather choose; than the man whose every action constitutes, and justly entitles to, that appellation.

But, indeed, this was no man, no lover of Belinda: her parents endeavoured to sooth her complaints, and proposed her union to her new applicant; but she disdained it. She was firm in her affections — she spurned the thought. Never, never could she forget, forsake, her absent lover, to wed the man to whom it would prove a sort of traffic, and as much a matter of commerce as any commodity that fills the warehouse of a merchant, and who would freely exchange his love, after a little time, as he does his dress; for fashion dictates it.

'Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
So many of your sex would not in vain
Of broken vows and faithless men complain.'

Oftentimes would the wretched Belinda take her pen and write a letter to her absent Palemon, and yet know not how to convey it. Sometimes in the dead of the night would she wander alone to the spot where they parted, and seat herself in silent grief under the tree that overhung the rivulet; sometimes start with involuntary agony, exclaiming half-completed sentences. She was worn down with pale-eyed melancholy; her beauteous form was reduced — fragile and emaciated by anxiety.

'Scenes like those delight
Thy murder'd peace, and the soft winds of night
Breathe a sweet sadness soothing to thy woe.'

One night, all but the wretched Belinda were hushed on the bed of sleep, when she, poor helpless maiden! strayed from her home to seek repose, which, alas! she could not find. The night was fine; the orb of night rose in majestic pomp; not a cloud intervened; the glittering stars decked the horizon, and all was tranquil: it was,

——— 'As the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause.'

Frantic with despair, she caught the banks of a river, and complained to the winds in the language of Ossian — 'I am alone — forlorn on the hills of storms — the wind is heard on the mountain; the torrent pours down the rock — the hut receives me from the blast — alone on the hill of storms — cease a little while, O wind! — stream, be thou silent a while; let my voice be heard around — oh! from the rock or the hill, from she top of the windy steep, speak ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid — whither are you gone to rest? — In what cave shall I find thee departed? — no feeble voice is on the gale! — no answer half drowned in the storm!'

It was a walk where oft she had enjoyed with Palemon unmixed satisfaction: the recollection was dear, yet affecting, and thus she ejaculates: —

'Oh! here for ever! ever could I stay,
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain,
And here, e'en then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.'

The wretched and distracted maiden wrung her hands and wept; and, approaching the river, she called on her absent Palemon — then plunged and found a watery grave! — Oh! ye parents, pause on the fate of poor Belinda, and know the impossibility of happiness in marriage where hearts are not congenial. It is not the glittering star, or pageantry of birth, that can communicate real felicity; they may gratify foolish ambition: but the genuine fruits of happiness proceed only from the birth of mutual fondness and affection; that it is, alas! as the poet informs us: —

'The old have int'rest ever in their eye.'

Yet let this sad narrative teach you who have children to be less severe, and to act with less precipitation. Be not the instruments of their unhappiness, perhaps their destruction. Though the prize be composed of gold — rather with me contemplate, and know, that the views of mortals are at the best short-sighted, and too often clouded by the mists of prejudice, and a false estimation of happiness. Many parents, alas! tempted by wealth, urge on their children to the abyss of wretchedness: too eager to hesitate; too opinionated to doubt; and too determined to be convinced. Led on by delusive hopes, they embrace the shadowy phantoms, which often change their appearance, and terminate only in woe, disappointment, and wretchedness —

'Farewell ambition with disasters crost,
What avails greatness if content be lost.'

Asylum of Somnus,
Oct. 1, 1808.

The FRENCH FAMILY.

A TALE.

BY MISS ELIZA YEAMES.

[*Concluded from p.* 556.]

THE count de la Tour was now satisfied that he had disposed of three of his daughters, and he was determined quickly to get rid of Lilodine and Adela. At that time no advantageous offer had been made to the eldest of the two; and the youngest could not be expected to be asked in marriage before Lilodine. However he pleased himself with the idea of proposing her to his nephew in a little time, if a lover did not start up; and then he did not fear but Adela's charms would procure her admirers. I can only account for this wish to dispose of his daughters by imputing it to jealousy of his countess, who partook of their amusements, and was equally admired for her charms. Besides he had heard of a young chevalier, who was for ever with them in public, and, report said, he had been a former lover of his lady's, and now met them against her will, to gratify his heart by gazing on a form he loved so well. What a blow to the count's hopes! He vowed an implacable hatred against his wife,

and only panted to meet with her lover whom he promised himself to destroy, and thus cool the spirit of vengeance oppressing his soul.

Adela, with her baby face, as her father was pleased to call it, had certainly made a deep impression on the heart of the countess' brother, the gentleman mentioned as her supporter during the fit she was seized with on the day when Eloise became a nun. And he being a person of great expectations, from his father and relations to whom he was heir, was received by the count de la Tour as his future son-in-law with great joy. The marriage was not to take place for some months, the lord St. Croix having promised to visit England in company with his cousin, a young British nobleman, who had deferred his own departure from France till this dangerous crisis, to enjoy the company of his friend, for the double motive of introducing him to his parent (aunt to lord St. Croix), and taking him from a scene of warfare, ill calculated for his youth, or warmth of patriotism. Now Adela could not object to this preliminary, though she wished her lover possessed of less delicacy; and, however, she forgot her disappointment in less than a day after his departure, and only looked forward to his return.

I have before said, that Lilodine felt a great attachment to the count Cassel's tutor, chavalier Traval, who pretended to be dying of love in return. His protestations were eloquent it must be allowed, and Lilodine heard them with delight. Yet Adela thought she could perceive something very foreign from sincere love in his language, and repeatedly warned her sister of the danger of listening to his vows unknown to her father. —'Tell him to ask the count's consent, my dearl girl,' she would say; 'and then if he has no objection to the match, it will be well.'

Lilodine at length took courage to say to Traval, 'Sir, I must not listen to your love till sanctioned by my father's approbation.' Traval flung himself at her feet, said he had been to blame, and shown timidity instead of gallantry; owned that he was fearful to speak to the count de la Tour; 'but as I go with your permission,' he added, 'I this instant seek him,' and left her for that purpose. Their conference I shall not relate: suffice it to say, that Traval left the castle, muttering execrations on the whole world, and revenge on de la Tour; and the count, after seeing him depart, sent for Lilodine. —'Daughter,' said he to her, 'I have learned from that young man, (pointing to Traval who was mounting his horse), that you have given him to understand he is to be my son-in-law. I shall say but little to you: if you choose to act undutifully toward me, I shall find means to retaliate.'

Lilodine shuddered, and, in a low, tremulous voice, said, 'Oh! recollect Eloise's fate!' — 'I do perfectly remember the day she dared to disobey me: take warning from her, and believe me, when I say this sword shall end *his* life and yours if you dare enter into any engagements with him.' —'Oh! say not so!' exclaimed Lilodine; 'wildly devote *me* to your wrath, but spare *him*.' — 'It depends entirely upon yourself,' replied the count, and left her.

Some months passed over the head of Lilodine, yet she heard nothing more of Traval. She could not account for it, and grew restless and uneasy; yet she did not communicate her uneasiness to the countess or her sister: nevertheless, it could not be concealed from Adela's quick eye; she saw the pale langour of her countenance, and, with interest, participated in her distress.

Soon afterwards came the time that drove this and many other families from their native land: Lewis was lodged in the Temple, and liberty was the general cry. The count, truly loyal, shuddered at his prince's danger. He eagerly endeavoured to be near his person, and actually left his castle for a hired house opposite the Temple to view the royal family during the walks they were allowed to take. It was one evening, when the countess, Lilodine, and Adela, were walking in the spacious garden before the house, that a man of a very shabby appearance came toward them, and, whispering a few words in Lilodine's ear, hastily retreated. Half screaming, she flew after him, and left her mother and sister to wonder at the action. Some minutes elapsed before either spoke; and when they did, neither could satisfy the wonder of the other. They continued walking backwards and forwards the garden for some time, waiting her return, but no Lilodine came. Impatiently Adela ran to the servants, but they were equally ignorant of where she could be; she had not been within doors since she went out with the countess and her, and they stared with wild alarm at the questions she asked. What was to be done: they had made every inquiry they had deemed proper, and the countess and Adela grew frantic with fear. In vain they waited de la Tour's return to communicate the affair to him: the night arrived without their being cheered by his appearance. — Where could he have tarried, was the question.— Adela recollected he had said, that he did not know when he might return, being engaged to join a party of loyal nobles at the hotel. That night and another day passed without any news of either; when a violent knocking towards midnight roused the family, and the countess ordered a servant to open the gate. Her orders were obeyed, and a man rushed past the servants, ranged round the gate, and into the room where sat the countess and Adela. The former started at his appearance. 'Ah! Charles,' said she, turning pale, 'why this unusual visitation?'—He seized her hand, and, bending his knee, cried, 'Can you, lady, trust to my honour?'—'I can:'—'Then instantly depart this house with me.'—'How!'—'The eager mob already approaches, and, in a few seconds, this building falls beneath their hands: — rise, rise, ladies, and follow me; even now I hear the populace furiously railing against you—prepare—prepare, my Adelaide.' The trembling Adela helped him to disguise her beloved countess, and, flinging the clothes about herself, he handed her, she followed him, supported by her mother's arm, through a door leading to the back part of the house, and soon after found herself without side its walls. A carriage waited within a few yards of the building, and the chevalier Charles handed them into it; and, mounting the box, they set off at full gallop.

They had gone some stages, when the countess declared she was too weak to proceed any farther; and at her earnest desire the chevalier stopped at the first village they afterwards reached. An old woman of a very decent appearance, welcomed her visitors, and, hearing the state of lady de la Tour, she kindly brought forward every refreshment her cottage afforded, and did all in her power to sooth her sufferings.

'Have you a bed, my good woman?' asked the attentive Charles, withdrawing a pair or fine eyes from the invalid' face; 'a bed you can possibly spare for the accommodation of this unfortunate lady!'

'Why — yes — and please you, my lord, the lady shall have my bed, bless her sweet face; — and miss can sleep at night on a couch that stands in the same room for the accommodation of those who wish to be near each other. — But you — ah! that is the stop; where can you rest?'

'Oh! never mind me,' cried Charles, his countenance all satisfaction, 'I can sit in this arm-chair, — stretch myself on the floor or any where. — But what will you do, dame?'

'Good lack, don't talk of me! I shall not think of sleeping while the poor lady remains so unwell, but must sit by her bed side.'

'Oh! no, amiable woman,' exclaimed Adela, 'I will take upon me the office of nurse, and you shall not be disturbed, but shall have the couch.'

'Well, well, we will not dispute about it now,' replied dame St. Julien, 'but proceed to support your companion up stairs. I see her head droops.' Adela joyfully acceded to her kind consideration — in favour of the countess, and helped to support her up stairs to bed, as faintly she assured them she was indeed in want of rest,' and added, 'she hoped they would forgive her the anxiety she occasioned.'

Adela having drawn the curtains round her friend, took a book from her pocket to beguile the time, and seated herself by the side of the bed, unknown to the countess, till the invalid, falling into a sleep, released her from her watch, and she softly retired and descended to the lower room. The chevalier Charles hailed her return, and the old woman being absent, they were left tête-à-tête with each other. The conversation turned upon her recent danger, and her fortunate escape from death. Adela inquired by what means he had been acquainted with their perilous situation, and the chevalier, with great delicacy and caution, informed her that the count was imprisoned with the father of Adelaide and several others. — 'Fortunately for you,' said he, 'I chanced to pass at the time your father and those other nobles were seized from the hotel — the place of their assignation. I heard the vile execrations of the mob against the family of de la Tour, excited by his particular taunts: nay, I even beheld a party gathering to execute their vile revenge, and mad with terror. I ran to your rescue. — Adela thanked him a thousand times, while tears bedewed her cheeks at her father's hapless fate.

The night had scarcely arrived, when Adela retired to rest, leaving dame St. Julien very reluctantly upon the floor by the side of the countess. She flung herself on the couch, worn down by fatigue, and dropped into the arms of

sleep. Towards midnight she awoke from a noise so near her as to make her start; and, rising, she went towards her mother, assured, that the sigh she heard had come from her, but she still slept; and Adela, thinking the sound an illusion, was again dropping into sleep, when a groan, deep and awful, struck upon her ear. Frantic with terror she started up, and ran towards the door, convinced that it proceeded from the next apartment, to which she eagerly hastened.

What a sight presented itself as she entered the adjoining room!—She beheld an elegant female form, in all the agony of woe, kneeling by the side of a pallet, where lay extended the breathless figure of a man.—At her approach, the lady raised her drooping head, and, for some unknown cause, shrieked and nearly fainted. Adela rushed forward to her support, and, bending over her, recognized the altered features of her dear Lilodine. The noise had awoke the good woman of the village, who stood before them, while yet the sister of Adela lay in an insensible state.—'What, dead!' said she.—'I hope not, nor dying,' said Adela: 'see! she recovers!'

At that instant, Lilodine started on her feet. 'Behold!' she cried, 'my lover is no more!—Oh! my beloved, but much erring Traval, never till now knew I how much I loved! Draw near, Adela, and tell me if you could possibly have recognised his once handsome features!'

The soft voice of the countess, at this moment, called Adela; and Lilodine followed her sister.—The amiable Adelaide received her with delight, and inquired, with extreme delicacy, the cause of her long absence from her.

'Madam,' replied the weeping girl, 'you cannot have forgotten, that on the evening of my elopement, a man of a very shabby appearance came toward us in the garden, and, whispering something in my ear, drew me aside; those words were—"Lady, your cruelty has driven your lover to the brink of the grave." No wonder I shrieked with terror, and followed him farther into the gloom to learn something more. Thus acted well the villain—he led me to a particular spot where waited Traval, who, clasping me in his arms, carried me to a carriage in waiting, and instantly ordered it to proceed. You may be sure I warmly remonstrated with him, but to no purpose; he loved me too well to part so easily with me, he said, and as my father had denied me to him as a wife, he would gratify himself at his cost, spite of myself. Happily, his intentions were never realized: for not two days after my seizure, we were attacked by banditti, who slightly wounded the muleteer, and left Traval for dead. With the coachman's assistance I managed to place him in the coach, though half senseless from extreme fright; and, looking out every moment for a habitation, at length caught sight of this village; and, after some little time, had the pleasure of alighting at the door of this house. Traval survived but a few minutes after being put to bed: he seemed affected at my grief, and warmly thanked me; but said it was but justice to acknowledge, as it might enable me the better to conquer my sorrow, that it was

my money and connections he first sought, and, to retaliate on my father, and finally gain me, he next aimed my ruin. Alas!' continued Lilodine, 'what were my feelings, dear sister, and respected countess, while thus he spoke? I certainly should not have survived him, if the good St. Julien had not acted with the motherly kindness she did; nor can I sufficiently praise her silence on the subject to her new guest, or reward her according to my wishes.'

Lilodine ceased, and timidly delivered her purse to the dame, who at first refused, but was at length prevailed upon to take it.

Some days after the party left the cottage, having seen Traval committed to his grave, and the chevalier was prevailed upon to suffer the lives of them all to be endangered by taking the route towards St. Catherine's convent. It was near the close of evening when they reached the spot. Lilodine and Adela put their heads out with sisterly love to view its lofty turrets. Alas! what a shock they felt, when, instead of the venerable building, they beheld the whole a mass of ruin, from which the black smoke still continued to rise, and, faintly curling, vanished in the air! 'Oh! my Eloise,' sighed Adela; 'are you then departed from me? Has your cruel countrymen destroyed the fairest form in existence? Could not your angel voice have stayed their cruel purpose? Ah! no; savage like, they unheeded your piteous shrieks, and lighted with their torches your funeral pile.—Oh! soul-harrowing thought! was your death so cruelly severe! Ah! chevalier! ah! countess! in pity to my feelings end my life.'

Thus did the truly-amiable Adela bemoan her sister's fate; and, while indulging all the luxury of woe, did not observe the carriage had stopped, and the chevalier Charles was preparing to alight, till the voice of the countess roused her by the following exclamation:—'Poor wretch! you say she is not quite dead: support her forward for the love of Heaven!' Adela then raised her head, and, directing her eyes to the road, beheld a figure in a nun's attire stretched her length upon the ground, and the chevalier making many attempts to lift her in his arms. The coachman giving his assistance, she was in a little time brought and laid in the carriage; when the countess taking her cold, stiff hands, benevolently pressed them, and said, 'Adela, forget your grief, and look on this object of pity.—Thank the Almighty she is not entirely devoid of life.—Pray to that being, my dearest girl, for the return of her reason, to give a proper account of herself:—and you, Lilodine, aid me in the cause.'—

'Here is my smelling-bottle,' said the weeping girl; alas! the poor, poor nun!'

'She is nearly perished with cold, from lying so long on the damp ground,' said the lady de la Tour, 'and is in a long and severe fit.' She then took the salts from Lilodine, and, tearing aside the veil that covered her face, applied the bottle to her nose. The eyes of the two sisters were turned on the nun at the instant, and, from the death-like paleness of her countenance, they felt assured she could not recover. Adela, stooping to

bathe her temples with some brandy the chevalier produced, had a nearer view of her features, and, sending forth a piercing shriek, exclaimed in a voice of anguish — 'It is Eloise! It is Eloise!' At the same time both ladies recognised her, and their horror cannot be described at finding their applications prove of no avail; and that she lay equally as cold and senseless as ever. Tears and lamentations followed, and it was, with a rapture, better conceived than described, that they beheld a ray of red shoot across her pale cheek, and a slight convulsion of the limbs succeed it — 'Surely, I cannot live long,' she at length faintly murmured: then, raising her head to her no small surprise, she found herself in company with the countess and her sisters, who, clasping her in their arms, vowed never more to part with her.

The party now slowly proceeded to Calais, which they reached in perfect safety; and while the chevalier Charles went down to the quay to inquire after a vessel about leaving France, the countess congratulated the three young ladies on their apparent escape.— 'But, alas! does not my sister talk of dying,' said Lilodine; 'and can I enjoy life if she leaves us?'

'Let us hope,' replied Adelaide, 'she is destined, although she thinks otherwise, to share our future fortunes.'

'I would not deceive you,' said Eloise, lifting up her drooping head, 'I feel I shall shortly quit this unhappy world for one of glory. My frame, enfeebled by sorrow and sickness, sinks beneath the shock — it bends to the very ground, and I long for the time when my heavenly father shall release me from pain, and place me near my blessed mother, the lovely young nuns, my unfortunate friends, and the admirable lady abbess of St. Catherine's.'

'Oh! do not talk so!' exclaimed Lilodine. 'Oh! Eloise, dearest, most beloved girl, do not drive me to despair!' — 'Shall we not meet again,' said Eloise, extending her fair and fragile hand. 'For ever, oh! for ever, will I wander near you; borne on the air my form shall hover over you, my voice shall sing in concert with the wind, and when you join me....'

'Hold!' cried Adela, 'I will will hear no more; you must not torture me thus:— already have you planted daggers in my bleeding heart, and I groan beneath the wounds you inflict.'

The chevalier here entered, and brought the welcome intelligence that a bye-boat was ready to sail, with a fair gale springing up. They joyfully followed him to the water's edge, and, the ladies embarking, directed their eyes to their native land, as long as the French coast could be discerned, with tears of anguish, and many a woe-fraught sigh. The evening was still and beautiful; the pale queen of night played upon the water; and the stars displayed their radiance. Eloise, with her senses buried in meditation, forgot the effects of cold, while she enjoyed the stillness of the scene. 'Ah! never shall I again behold the pleasing scenes of a sea excursion,' said she, in a faint voice, clasping her hands, and raising her lovely blue eyes to Heaven. 'Oh! my blessed mother! welcome the ap-

proach of your beloved child!' Adela, who had taken her seat by her side, took the hand that had sunk on her knee. 'Eloise,' said she, 'we had better go to the cabin; the countess, I fear, will be alarmed at the risk you run of getting cold.'

Eloise replied, 'I love to look on the passing clouds, and gaze on the face of the silver moon, and yonder lights. The moaning billows are suited to my taste, and the melancholy pleasure I can never again taste. In a few hours I shall be landed on a country unknown to me; my last sigh I shall leave in it; and strangers will perform those duties my death will require to be paid me.—The countess, Lilodine, and you, will shed tears over me, but you are not my father, and he will never more behold the child he cursed.'—The chevalier here advanced, and, giving her his arm, he led her down stairs; while Adela, overwhelmed with grief, followed their steps with tears, and sighs of agony.

As she predicted, Eloise was on the verge of the grave, and when they moored in Dover harbour she was in imminent danger. A chaise waited on the pier to convey her to the York hotel, and, when she arrived there, a very skilful surgeon was sent for, who pronounced her very near her end. He indeed spoke strictly true: for the poor Eloise the next day departed this life, and pronounced her last sad groan on the bosom of Adela. While they were yet weeping over her breathless form, the lord St. Croix and his cousin, lord Mandeville, made their appearance at the York hotel, and were welcomed by the chevalier Charles with the greatest joy; who, with caution, introduced them to his mourning friends.

The departed Eloise being interred, lord Mandeville escorted them to London, and carried the countess to the arms of her aunt, lady Mandeville, a very elegant and amiable woman, who instantly became so fond of the emigrants, that she insisted on their taking up their abode at her house.

About six months after they heard of the death of the count de la Tour. The countess was too sincere to affect grief, and his daughters did not moan his loss, as they would have done, had he been less unkind to the departed Eloise.

The term of mourning being expired, the countess, agreeable to her father's wishes, (who escaped and brought over the chief part of his immense property from France), gave her hand to chevalier Charles, the only man she had ever loved; and, the same day, Lilodine became lady Mandeville, and Adela, lady St. Croix. In a little time after, the papers informed them that Almondina and Louisa had both died by the hands of the executioner for their husband's crimes, and their family shared in the general ruin. While the count St. Croix, as a compensation for his former harshness to his amiable daughter, at his decease, which shortly after took place, left an equal share of his fortune with her brother, besides a handsome legacy to the chevalier: thus making them happy, as far as fortune and the blessings of this life can possibly confer happiness.

ACCOUNT *of the* PYRENEAN MOUNTAINS *and the* PASSES *between them.*

IN our Magazine for September we gave a succinct geographical account of the countries of Spain and Portugal, now the objects of so much attention to the political world. To render that account still more complete, we now give the following description of the Pyrenean Mountains, and of the passes or passages over and between them.

From Bayonne to Pampeluna, the high road is good, and especially on the Spanish side from Irun to Pampeluna. Waggons and carts may pass in these parts during summer, but, in winter, mules themselves cannot at all times perform the journey.

The Pyrenees mountains, seen in profile, present a sort of amphitheatre, which declines by steps of about 400 yards each, estimating them from the point of Viguemal to the ocean. The point of Viguemal is 3456 yards, in perpendicular height: from thence is a rapid declivity to the level of la Somina de Souba, which is in height 3214 yards. A similar declivity leads to the Southern peak of the valley of Ossau, which is only 2944 yards in height. All these mountain tops are formed of naked rock, and are covered, though not every where, with snow all the year. But, as we descend, the major part of the mountains assumes a less savage aspect, and offers plentiful pastures to their very summits. — From the southern peak, the third range declines to the level of the peak of Ania (called by the Biscayans, Ahugna: by the Spaniards, Conia-Larra). This peak is in height 2560 yards. The fourth range declines to the level of the mountain of Hory, the height of which is 2062 yards. — The fifth range may be taken at the level of Orsansurietta, which is in height 1602 yards. The level of the mountain of Haussa, above the valley of Baztan, which is 1334 yards in height, forms the sixth level; that of la Rhune, above St. Jean de Luz, which is 924 yards high, forms the seventh; that of the mountain of Aizquibel, on the border of the sea, but rising above its surface 556 yards, forms the eighth and last in this series of steps. This mountain declines rapidly to the very edge of the sea.

There are many passages, called by the French *cols* (necks); by the Spaniards *puertos* (openings). Reckoning from Bareges to the Atlantic, they are more than sixty; but they are rugged, intricate, and hardly practicable for laden beasts. All, however, are not of this description. Mules, though heavily laden, pass in some places; but the winds and the snows frequently block up these ways effectually. In proportion as they decline towards the sea, these mountains offer more easy passages between them. Almost all the vallies between the mountains have plains, as well as defiles; and this is altogether in favour of whoever defends the country; for, if he be inferior in number to his enemy, he awaits him in the defiles; if he be superior in number, he fights him in the plain.

The heat of the sun is so great in some of the vallies, that unusual exertion has been known to prove

immediately fatal to officers, and also to troops. Fogs render some parts of these mountains almost invisible and uninhabitable at all times of the year. In other parts they appear occasionally.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR LOVE.

TAKE eight ounces of consideration, half the quantity of indifference, ten grains of ingratitude, six scruples of patience, a small sprig of rue, two handfuls of employment, four months absence; mix them together with the constant conversation of a rival. To these add as much discretion as nature hath allotted you; boil them together without intermission till a third part be consumed; cool them with a few sighs; and spread over all the thoughts of your lover's imperfections, and apply the plaister warm to your heart. Be sure you do not take it off till it comes off of itself. If this fails, your case is desperate.

RETALIATION.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

A MAN about to make a journey to Mecca, had a thousand dollars which he put into a brass vessel, and, after having carefully sealed it, he delivered it to the custody of a friend till his return, at which time he demanded his money; but was surprised on opening the vessel, to find, instead of the treasure which he had deposited, a quantity of the conserve of pomegranates, and even this was good for nothing:—'Alas!' said the poor disappointed fellow, 'I entrusted a sum of money to your friendship, and you have now returned me some damaged conserve of pomegranates.'—'You certainly mistake,' said the other; 'for that which you delivered to my guardianship I have now faithfully returned.'— They entered into a very vehement dispute, and while the one was expressing his anger and vexation, the other pretended that he was perfectly ready to swear that no change had taken place in the commodities. The khalif, who had long accustomed himself to take the rounds of the city in disguise, accidentally came up to these people, in the middle of their dispute, and each took an opportunity of telling his tale, and referred their quarrel to the stranger's decision.—'Be patient,' said he to the complainant, 'for three days, and I will endeavour to recover your money; but it can only be on condition that you preserve the strictest and most inviolable silence.' The sultan among his attendants had one remarkable for ingenuity and acuteness: this man received immediate orders from his master to go to the school, where the man who had cheated his friend had a son, and endeavour to become acquainted with the master.

When the prince was informed that he had done this, he desired him to go again the next day, and so ingratiate himself with the boys as to find some means of distributing to each of them a pretty liberal potation of some intoxicating beverage. The slave

effected his commission, and as soon as the opiate had begun to operate, received an order to take away the boy and place a young bear in his room. This also was accordingly done; and, when they awoke, the master and the children were excessively terrified to find what a formidable change had taken place. The story was told with terror throughout the city, and soon reached the ears of the father, who immediately came with anxiety and tears to inquire after his child, and was informed by the master, that, by some unaccountable accident or other, the boy had certainly disappeared and a young bear had been found in his place. The khalif, who had anticipated some disturbance, sent one or two persons to be present when the explanation should take place, and gave orders, if any serious dispute should arise, to have both the parties brought before him. His orders were punctually obeyed: a quarrel commenced between the school-master and the father of the boy; and they were both brought into the presence of the prince, who had also contrived that the man who had been cheated of his money should be there.—'Well,' said the prince, 'what accusation have you to make against this man?'—'Sir,' said he, 'I sent my son to school with him to-day, as usual, but he is no where to be found, and a young bear is placed in his room.'—'It is far from improbable,' said the sultan; 'but the same power which converted the money of this man, which was delivered to your custody, into a confection of pomegranates, has also changed your son into a bear.'—The man was silent—'Return the money,' said the sultan to its proper owner, and, in all probability, you may hear some intelligence of your son.'—'Alas! my lord,' said the fellow, 'I know nothing of this man's money.'—'Neither,' said the sultan, 'does this school-master know any thing of your child.'—The man from affection to his child finally confessed that he had robbed his friend, and offered to return the money.—He did so; and the sultan immediately ordered the child to be produced, and the father to be severely punished.

A GRECIAN DRAWING-ROOM.

A ROOM of ample dimensions is about to be fitted up for a distinguished nobleman, in a more classic taste than has hitherto been attempted. This apartment is seventy feet in length, and so architecturally divided as to admit of twenty-five feet in width only. This effect is produced by an open screen, at each end, taking fifteen feet from each extreme. The whole of this room is fitted up with pilastres, which are pannelled with richly carved and burnished gold mouldings. The body of the pilasters are covered with a beautiful crimson Manchester velvet, on which are embossed Grecian raised ornaments in yellow. The pannels, between the pilastres, are fitted with mirrors; underneath which are placed console tables of Italian marble, supported by Grecian ornamental brackets in gold. Mirrors are placed under the pier tables on a

raised plynth, for the purpose of receiving vases, or other productions of art. The curtains of this room are of Manchester velvet; the colour being green, gives a relief to the crimson pilastres; they are ornamented with embossed borders in brown and crimson; the fringe and trimmings *à-la-Parisienne.* The cornices supporting the continued draperies, are already reeded and covered with foliage; the ornamental ends forming a composition tastefully selected from the vegetable kingdom. This apartment is entirely surrounded by Ottoman couches; before them are placed stools and chairs, after the Grecian *costume,* and which are extremely low; the whole frame-work being gold, adds much to the *coup d'œil.* In place of the candalabra, we have witnessed, for the first time, dwarf stands, about three feet six inches high, carved and bronzed; they are numerously placed, and capable of holding one silver candlestick each, and are intended to supersede the necessity of lights being placed upon the table. This room contains one long table in the centre, made of a curious green wood, recently imported from the West Indies. Smaller octangular tables, on gilt stems, occupy other parts of the room. The carpet, is made at Axminster, in colours and ornaments appropriate. The ceiling of the room, which is richly pannelled with ornaments and mouldings in gold, on an azure ground, supports three magnificently splendid cut-glass chandeliers, the largest occupying the centre; the whole forming a *chef d'œuvre* in the tasteful art of chrystal decoration.

POOR BARNETTA;

A FRAGMENT.

BY SINCERITAS.

——— THE snow was drifted, and the piercing wind bellowed through the leafless trees, when poor Barnetta wandered from her home. She had eluded the notice of her parents, and at the midnight hour sought repose to her bewildered mind by visiting the grove — the fond retreat, where oft, in her happier days, she was wont to stray with him who had now deserted her — ah! hapless maiden!

——— 'Thou hast no interval of peace;
For at the noon of night, when wearied age,
And love-sick youth, lay in the lap of sleep
Their languid head, thou stalk'st alone, and pour'st
Thy mournful accent to the list'ning winds!
Or should thy restless brain, with ranting tir'd,
Be lull'd one moment to forgetfulness,
The next is harass'd with tormenting dreams,
So black, so frantic, and so deadly wild,
They mock imagination to conceive!'

The moon was enveloped by darkness, and in wretchedness she wandered o'er the wild: her hair hung dishevelled and clotted; and the thought of her faithless lover struck a chill on her soul. The midnight winds had torn up the aged trees that had long adorned the surrounding landscape. As she moved in despair, ghastly death stalked around her, and she bowed down upon the drifted snow; and, raising her eyes to Heaven, ejaculated a prayer,

while tears poured down her cheeks: —

> '——— Ev'ry limb was shook
> With painful agitation. On her cheek
> The blanch'd interpreter of horror mute
> Sat terribly impressive!'

Poor Barnetta was precipitated from the exalted pinnacle of hope and felicity to the lowest abyss of despondence; the youth she loved had forsaken her; he was, alas! guilty of the blackest treachery and dissimulation, together with the greatest pusillanimity and baseness of disposition; and she, poor maiden! fell a victim to his duplicity: —

> 'What is friendship but a name!
> A charm that lulls to sleep;
> A shade that follows wealth or fame,
> But leaves the wretch to weep.'

Fatigued and almost perished with cold, poor Barnetta sought a small conservatory of water, near the high road side: she climbed the fence that surrounded it, and approached the icy verge: —

> '——— The black weeds
> Wav'd, as the night-blast swept them;'

While her mind laboured under a painful anxiety beyond the possibility of describing. You, fair reader, may no doubt be capable of founding some faint ideas of poor Barnetta's feelings; but what must they have been compared to yours only in ideas? no glow of hope glistening in her heart, she again bent upon the snow, and wrung her hands in agony and despair — she raised her streaming eyes toward Heav'n, and faintly articulated, 'Oh! power omnipotent, forgive me! 'tis you that inflicts, 'tis you that can alleviate my sufferings! — O save him I love from a fate like this — deluding world, farewell! false youth, for thee I die, adieu! adieu!' Then clasping her hands together, she plunged amid the fatal sad abyss.

Adieu! poor hapless maiden, o'er thy grassy tomb the tear of pity shall oft be shed, and often will the feeling mind, as they read thy fate, sympathise with him who penned it!

> 'And oft to the responsive lyre
> Your story shall relate,
> And mourn that loves so true should meet
> On earth no better fate.'

KISSES.

WHAT are the harlot's kisses to the soft salutation of the virtuous maiden? What is the wanton's noisome embrace to the sweetly-toned caresses of a virtuous love? They are like the grovelling underwood to the lofty elm.

The kiss of the chaste virgin hangs upon the lip like nectareous sweets: it excels in delicacy the most inviting of Arabian perfumes. The kiss of the wanton resembles the salutation of some rude zephyr that with its irreverent breath conveys a piercing pain. Oh! I have felt the bitter air of night; I have felt the air of night hurried away before an invigorating sun! As the noxious air of mid-night compared the soft beams of the glorious orb of day are the rude harlot's and the chaste maiden's kisses. O! life! life! flit ye away before me! Thy joys are puerile without a virtuous woman to free thee of thy cares.

Be pleased, kind Heaven! to

portion unto me some tender maiden with whom I may ramble in the region, formed of my capricious fancy. Should sorrow dim the lustre of her eye, I would deprive her eye-lid of the silvery tear, and scatter it with kisses. Should mingling passions agitate her heaving bosom, I would dissipate them with my kisses. Should joy excessive prompt her to elevate her head too high, I would relieve the swollen emotion with kisses: with kisses I would repay each gracious smile, and, while she hung enraptured over her teeming offspring, I would thank kind Heaven for its tender mercies, and close my prayer with kisses.

DAPHNIS.

ACCOUNT *of the* ALTERATIONS *made in the* NEW DRAMA, *intitled* VENONI.

IN our Magazine for December, page 548, we gave an account of this piece, as it stood at its appearance; but in consequence of some disapprobation expressed by the audience at the concluding scenes of the third act, the author, after it had been acted some time, withdrew the piece, and brought it forward again with an entirely new third act, in which the following judicious alterations were made:—

The prison raised on a platform, which before produced a ludicrous effect, has been removed; and, in its stead, the third act opens with a view of the inside of an awful subterraneous dungeon, where the monk and his confederate determine to fix the last abode of Venoni, whom they convey thither. There Venoni meets the monk Ludovico, spoken of in the play, as having been confined twenty years in the vaults of the monastery, and informs him that he has discovered an outlet that leads to the convent, but that the door to the passage is strongly bolted: this door, Venoni, with the assistance of a bar found in his dungeon, breaks down, and escapes. The next scene discovers the abbess and the monk consulting about the future disposal of Josepha, and concludes with his determination to possess her. Josepha is then brought blindfold into a dungeon near the hall of the convent, and left as if to be confined there for ever, when suddenly, after a solemn symphony on the organ, the scene draws and discovers the abbess and the ursulery in the hall, which is finely illuminated and prepared for a banquet; here, while the abbess is persuading Josepha to listen to the monk's designs, Venoni breaks in, and wishing to carry off Josepha, is prevented by the entrance of the monk and his party, who, while parting the lovers, is himself surprised by the entrance of father Michael and a party of guards at one door, and the father and mother of Josepha through another door of the convent; and the piece concludes.

Those who saw this drama in its original state will be much pleased with the alterations and improvements that have been made in it. The third act, indeed, may now be considered as equal, if not superior, to either of the other two. The language is chaste and impressive, and the piece, on the whole, may now become a general favourite with the

public. Mrs. Mudie appeared to considerable advantage in the part allotted to her in the new act, as did also all the other principal performers, particularly Elliston, and the curtain fell amidst very general shouts of applause.

BILLS IN CHANCERY.

'WHETHER law has its pleasures; and if it hath, what, and how many there are; and if not, why not?'—Such of our readers as may doubt the propriety of this form of interrogation, and may not have read a bill in chancery, we refer to the files of the court, where they will find much entertainment. There is a numerous account current among the profession, of a bill filed against an architect, for the building a granary, so defectively, that a great quantity of rats got in and eat up the corn. It first charges, that divers, to wit, 100,000 rats, 100,000 mice, 100,000 grey rats, 100,000 black rats, 100,000 white mice, and 100,000 grey mice, together with divers, to wit, 100,000 dormice, through divers holes, chinks, crannies, apertures, and other places, did penetrate, insinuate themselves, gain admission, and get into the said barn, &c. and then it requires in the interrogatories to the said bill, that the said defendant should, in his answer, more particularly answer and set forth whether any and what number of rats, mice, or dormice (ringing the changes on each as above), did get in, through the said chinks and crannies, or otherwise, and eat up and consume, any and what quantity of the corn and grain therein being; and if not, why not, &c.

BAD PUNCTUATION AND SPELLING.

A POOR woman at Shoreham, whose husband was going to sea, handed, through the clerk, to the parson, this public prayer: 'A man going to *see*, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation.' The parson, pointing it in his own way, read to the ears of his flock —'A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation,' and set them all in a titter.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES

IN THE YEAR 1808.

JANUARY.

1. Intelligence received of the loss of the Anson of 44 guns, in Mounts bay.

An Austrian messenger, who came in a flag of truce, arrived in London.

2. A heavy gale of wind did considerable damage to the dock and different buildings at Hull in Yorkshire; and to the shipping at Plymouth and other ports.

8. The prince regent of Portugal with the other branches of the royal family landed at Rio Janeiro in the Brazils, after a remarkable fine passage of thirty-nine days.

18. Another storm of wind did great damage at Deal, Dover, and Margate, at which latter place, being accompanied by a high tide, a breach was made through the pier head, and the parapet wall carried away from the pier to the marine parade. The parade was like-

wise washed down, and all the bathing rooms but one. A number of vessels were also lost: the whole damage done at Margate was estimated at 25,000l.

19. Intelligence received and communicated to the lord mayor in a letter from lord Castlereagh of the capture of the island of Madeira on the 24th of December, 1807.

Another Austrian messenger arrived.

20. M. de Stahremberg, the Austrian ambassador, in consequence of peremptory orders sent him by his court, left London on his return home.

28. The trial of general Whitelocke for misconduct at Buenos Ayres commenced at Chelsea College. General sir William Meadows was president of the court-martial.

FEBRUARY.

7. Intelligence received of the surrender of the Danish islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix; the two former on the 22d of December, and the latter on the 2 th of the same month, 1807.

The marquis of Thomond killed by his horse falling with him in Grosvenor square.

10. The Austrian prince Esterhazy embarked at Dover on his return home.

12. A severe storm of snow which prevented some of the mail coaches from arriving till a late hour at night. Two female passengers were frozen to death on the top of the Portsmouth coach.

A violent high wind blew down a large stack of chimnies at the house of the countess of Clare in Saville row. They forced in part of the roof and the cieling of her ladyship's bed-room; when near a ton of bricks, together with the cieling, fell in, and literally buried her ladyship; in which perilous situation she remained nearly two hours till she was released by her domestics. Providentially her ladyship did not sustain any material injury.

16. His excellency Mons. Alopeus the Russian ambassador embarked on his return home.

MARCH.

1. Intelligence received at Stockholm from which a war with Russia was considered as certain.

4. Thomas Simmons found guilty at Hertford of the murder of Mrs. Hummerstone and Mrs. Warner at Hoddesdon.

19. A great riot at Madrid in which the house and furniture of the prince of the peace was demolished, and he obliged to fly.

King Charles abdicated the crown, and the prince of Asturias was proclaimed king under the title of Ferdinand VII.

23. The French troops entered Madrid.

APRIL.

12. King Ferdinand of Spain passed through Burgos on his way to Bayonne to meet the emperor Napoleon.

13. A great press for seamen took place in the city.

MAY.

2. A great riot at Madrid against the French, when the latter massacred a great number of the inhabitants.

4. King Charles of Spain after having, with his son Ferdinand VII., resigned his crown to Bonaparte, published a proclamation, recommending the Spaniards to make no resistance to the French.

10. The boxing match between Gully and Gregson decided in favour of the former.

11. A great fire at Dover on the premises of Mr. Fector, the damages done by which were estimated at 20,000*l*.

21. Bonaparte published a decree, by which he seized the temporal territory of the pope.

25. Alarming riots for several days among the weavers at Manchester, on account of the low prices of their work.

JUNE.

6. The junta of Seville published a declaration of war against the emperor Napoleon.

8. Two Spanish noblemen, the viscount Materosa and don Diego de la Vega arrived in town, from Spain, to solicit the assistance of England.

14. A great affray in Whitechapel between some American and Portuguese sailors, in which several were killed and wounded on both sides.

22. The rioting at Manchester again revived.

JULY.

1. A communication made to the lord mayor, by lord Castlereagh, signifying that a negotiation had been entered into between his majesty's naval and military commanders off Cadiz, with deputies appointed by the provisional government, in order to secure the French fleet lying in that port.

4. The Spanish prisoners in Mill prison gladly accepted the offer of being sent home to assist their countrymen against the French.

The English expedition to Sweden sailed from Gottenburg on its return for England.

11. Another communication made to the lord mayor, from lord Mulgrave, stating that the French squadron in Cadiz struck their colours to the Spaniards on the 14th of June.

12—14. Very intense hot weather experienced in most parts of England: several persons and many animals dropped down dead from the heat.

21. The French general Dupont, with an army of 12,000 men, surrendered to the Spaniards, on condition of being conveyed back to France.

30. Joseph Bonaparte, whom his brother had appointed to be king of Spain, precipitately fled from Madrid.

August.

5. A grand dinner given to the Spanish deputies, by the merchants of London, at the new London tavern.

23. Intelligence received from admiral Keates, that 10,000 of the Spanish troops that were in Fuen, Langeland, Laaland, and Jutland, under the command of the marquis Romana, had rescued themselves from the French yoke, and had put themselves under the protection of the British, to be conveyed to Spain to join their brethren in arms.

September.

1. A letter sent to the lord mayor from lord Castlereagh, stating that dispatches had been received from sir Arthur Wellesley in Portugal, with an account that he had gained two victories over the French; the one on the 17th of August at Zambueica, and the other on the 21st at Vimiera over the whole of the French army in Portugal. The Park and Tower guns were fired in consequence of this intelligence.

15. Dispatches received from lieutenant-general sir Hew Dalrymple, with intelligence that a convention had been agreed on between the British commanders and the French general in Lisbon, by which the French troops were to evacuate that city, being permitted to retain their arms, baggage, and property of every kind, and to return to France, the English government finding the means of conveyance. The Russian ships lying in the harbour of Lisbon were surrendered as a deposit, to be returned within six months after the signing of a definitive peace between England and Russia: all the sailors to return to Russia. — The Tower-guns were fired about nine o'clock this evening.

20. Covent-garden theatre consumed by fire, and a number of persons killed by the fall of the ruins.

22. Bonaparte set out from St. Cloud for Erfurth, to have a conference with the emperor of Russia.

27. Bonaparte and the emperor of Russia arrived at Erfurth, and began their conferences.

October.

12. A deputation from the corporation of the city of London waited on his majesty, with an address and petition, praying for an inquiry into the causes of the convention concluded in Portugal.

19. The marquis de Romana and Mr. Frere, the English envoy to the Spanish junta, arrived at Corunna.

21. A Russian and a French messenger arrived in a flag of truce from Boulogne, with propositions to the English government from Bonaparte and the emperor of Russia at Erfurth.

November.

14. The court of inquiry appointed to examine into the causes of the convention in Portugal assembled at Chelsea.

23. The Spanish general Castanos defeated by the French at Tudela.

December.

4. The French entered Madrid.

13. The proceedings of the court of inquiry relative to the convention in Portugal closed.

20. Intelligence was received that the Swedes had concluded an armistice with the Russians, by which they had agreed to retire over the river Kiemi, and thus leave them in possession of the whole of Finland.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE PLAINT OF SORROW.

AH! why is sorrow stamp'd on all below?
Why do our bosoms feel the darts of woe?
Poor are the pleasures of this earthly span,
And haggard grief's the certain lot of man.
Oh! Happiness! thou visionary maid,
To what lone, silent grotto hast thou stray'd;
Oft have I hoped to meet thy cheering smile,
Long have I sought thee with unceasing toil:
Oft have I Hope's delusive tale believed,
And, with a phantom, been as oft deceived.

Then tell me, Happiness, celestial maid,
Art thou a phantom, an illusive shade?
O yes: too soon the painful truth I know,
That imperfection 's stamp'd on all below;
That life is but a dream, an empty shade,
And soon, too soon, our highest transports fade.

'Twas thus when vernal charms the seasons crown'd,
And zephyrs sent their od'rous sweets around,
As 'neath yon elm's extended branch I stood,
I sighed my sorrows to the echoing wood.
'Twas thus when Summer crown'd the lonely glade,
I sighed my sorrows to her silent shade.

And thus when Winter hurled his terrors round,
And cloth'd, in lucid robes, the frozen ground;
When nipping frosts, the streamlet's tide assail,
I sighed my woes to every passing gale:
Thus when bright Sol, with his reluming light,
Scatters away the dewy shades of night,
I greet the Orient messenger of morn,
And sigh my sorrows to the rosy dawn.

Thus when pale Cynthea sheds her silver ray,
And lonely Night resume her ebon sway,
When thousand orbs display their twinkling light,
And gild with glittering rays the vault of night,
When Cynthea darts across the rippling stream,
I sigh my sorrows to her silver beam—

Parent of all, the plaint of sorrow hear,
And let thy mercy dry the flowing tear;
Teach me to view with an indifferent eye
Terrestial joys and blessings born to die:

The heav'nly plant blooms not on earthly ground,
And happiness is no where to be found;
Even like a dream all earthly blessings fly,
And only bloom to wound us when they die.

B. H. BLOOMFIELD.

Deptford, Nov. 24, 1808.

TO MISS S**** M****,

ON LEAVING LONDON FOR HERTFORD.

OH! may the morning's sun, unclouded shining,
With smiles receive the much-regretted fair,
Who, tir'd of London, all its joys resigning
For Hertford's breezes quits its tainted air.

May Zephyr soft his silken wings extending,
O'er every lock in amorous transport rove;
And from those lips, with rapture never ending,
Match kisses sweeter than from those of love.

May Flora deck'd in varying dyes believe her,
Her form mistaken to be blooming Spring,
And burst her gayest blossoms to receive her,
And to her feet her sweetest incense bring.

May the wing'd songsters to her beauties raising
Each note with more than wonted sweetness sing,
While nature's self shall join her charms in praising,
And make each hill to them responsive ring.

May she find pleasure on each step attending,
May every wish anticipated be;
May she from happier thoughts her mind unbending,
Sometimes bestow a tender one on me.

L. J——.

Fleet-Street, Nov. 10, 1808.

ON THE SINGING OF A ROBIN.

NOW to some barn's straw, cover'd height,
Or to some tow'ring tree's aspiring bough,
The redbreast wings his morning flight,
And pours his warbling notes below.

Sweet at the rising blush of day,
When cheer'd with night's serene repose,
His notes bespeak the smiling ray,
I from my downy pillow rose;

Pleas'd could I attend his tuneful note,
Prophetic of long months of gloom;
While winter shivers in his throat,
Stern tempests and cold snows to come.

When on my cottage' humble thatch
He hails the dawn, th' approach of day,
Till the warm beams of Phœbus catch
His chill'd red-breast with genial ray:

Stay, feather'd innocent, and sing,
Do thou thy cheering strains prolong;
Till Nature 'wakes to blooming Spring,
Until the lark commence his song:

How glad, sweet warbler, should I be,
Would'st thou beneath my roof remain,
Participate thy joys with me!
Charm the dull shades and sooth my pain.

J. L. H.

Nov. 28, 1808.

A WALK IN CHORLEY CHURCH-YARD BY MOONLIGHT.

'TWAS moonlight eve, and by an impulse led
To ramble out tho' 'twas already night,
I took a walk among the silent dead,
While Cynthia gave a pale yet pleasing light.

Bright shone the orb, in lunar beauties drest,
Hush'd was each breeze, still silence reign'd around;
Soft melancholy stole into my breast,
As slow I walk'd o'er consecrated ground.

In that lone place, that dreary spot retir'd,
All worldly objects from my eyes soon fled;
My bosom seem'd by meditation fir'd,
While, mentally, unto myself I said:

'Now while I walk on this sepulchral spot,
I charge each vain, each trifling thought begone;
Each vanity by me shall be forgot,
And grave reflection fill my mind alone.

'Let me now converse with these mouldering dead,
Familiar with death let me be made;
I know not now how soon on this low bed
My lifeless form may be for ever laid!

'Ere long this throbbing heart will cease to beat;
Still will it lie within my then cold breast:
Perhaps this mansion may be the retreat
Where my remains in quietness must rest.

'Should friendship to my mem'ry shed the tear,
And gaze with tenderness upon my urn;
All which that urn contains will cease to care
For those who pass, or those who stay to mourn.

'Sad, solemn thought, and can it really be?
Yes! these mementos tell me it is true;
They whisper all which now I daily see
I soon must quit, no more again to view.

'These sculptur'd stones say to reflection's ear,
Mortal, prepare, for death will shortly come;
Prepare to lie upon the sable bier,
And in the gloomy recess of the tomb:

'And oh! make ready for that awful day,
When death on all below will close thy eyes;
For tho' thy mortal part will soon decay,
Remember there's a soul that never dies!'

By thoughts like these I found myself inclin'd
To pray that time might unto me be giv'n;
Till God had fitted my immortal mind
To dwell with Him for evermore in heav'n!

Chorley. Ann B—b—y.

STANZAS

ON IMAGINARY HAPPINESS.

GONE are those days, for ever fled,
When once by sportive fancy led,
I look'd with fond delight,
To scenes of happiness to come,
Not knowing what might be my doom,
As that was not in sight.

Gone is that visionary bliss
Which I indulg'd, nor thought 't amiss
To look to future joys;
For happiness to come I pin'd,
While all the present I resign'd,
I had no good I priz'd.

How oft I've past the fleeting hours,
And us'd my intellectual pow'rs,
My future plans to lay;
Soft was the path in which I trod,
I strew'd with flow'rs the future road,
And thus time past away.

At night when I retir'd to bed,
And on my pillow laid my head,
Morpheus my eyes soon clos'd;
The thoughts that fill'd my waking theme
Were likewise my nocturnal dream,
While sweetly I repos'd.

At last before my expecting eye
I saw the dear illusion fly,
While reason softly said:
'Hadst thou on Providence rely'd,
And made religion's way thy guide,
Thy hopes had ne'er decay'd.

'If thou again within thy breast
Admit the sweet ideal guest,
By faith's delightful aid;
O! let it teach thy hopes t' arise
To real joys beyond the skies,
Joys that will never fade.

'Let it teach thee in early youth
To blossom in each charm of truth,
With virtue's fairest bloom:

And now in this thy youthful prime,
'To fear not grief, nor age, nor time,
' Nor e'en the silent tomb.'

ANN B—B—Y.

Chorley, Dec. 3, 1808.

LINES

TO MY BROTHER:

Written on the Morning of his Nuptials.

MY Muse, with truest joy elate,
Doth thy success congratulate,
With happiness i' th nuptial state
To thee!

Phœbus illumes this happy day,
While Sylphs with roses strew the way,
And every joy does homage pay
To thee!

Now thou of Mary art possess'd,
O! may no ill thy hours molest,
But may she be for ever blest
With thee!

Connubial bliss around you dwells,
And Hymen every fear dispels,
And sweetly sounds the village-bells
For thee!

May happiness still thee pursue,
And round thy path her flow'rets strew,
And every hour fresh sweets renew
For thee!

And through the varied scenes of life,
O may you shun base erring strife,
May Mary prove a friend and wife
To thee!

Let justice with thy efforts blend,
And good results will sure attend,
Still own thy brother as a friend
To thee!

S. Y.

Nov. 10, 1808.

TO MARIA.

MARIA, view our country's noblest flow'rs,
Its fragrance cannot be compar'd with yours;
From which the bee industriously each hour
With wearied limbs collects his honied stores.

That rose, from which the faithful little bee
Derives from nature's bounty so much gain;
From harm its spotless beauty still is free,
Its fragrance undiminish'd does remain.

Then, sweetest girl, I ask of thee a kiss,
Which will my breast with boundless rapture fill;
Bestow on me that source of endless bliss;
Thy worth will be inestimable still.

I. R. C.

Barnet, Oct. 25, 1808.

LINES:

IMPROMPTU.

YOUNG Edward dearly lov'd fair Caroline,
And Caroline as dearly lov'd young Ned;
Beauty with genuine worth did here entwine,
And to ensure 't, the happy pair did wed.

When Mary Ann beheld their happy state,
She told her Dick they long enough had tarried;
Quick, Dick enraptur'd flew, with joy elate,
And at the very place the maid he married.

Could I this good example dare to take,
Were ev'ry fear and ev'ry doubt remov'd,
My dear Eliza soon my own I'd make,
And live, like them, in ecstacy and love.

S. Y.

Nov. 12, 1808.

TO POVERTY.

POVERTY, I hail thee! source of every woe,
Of every ill, that I've been doomed to know,

On my destruction ever wert thou bent,
And step by step thou follow'dst where I
went,
Just like an ass, my pannias long I bore,
But now, alas! the burthen galls me
sore:
Without repining long I've borne the
load,
Tho' seldom found a thistle in my road,
Did Yorick live, I need not ask the
boon,
He'd willing share with me his maca-
roon;
In youth (who does not) I thy power for-
got,
While love and Emma chain'd me to her
cot,
And here with her thro' life I thought to
dwell,
Blest with content, the inmate of my
cell;
What son of thine I ask, or old or poor,
That knocked and found not welcome at
my door?
Ah! no, my frugal board was ever
spread,
And if 'twas night I lent a homely bed;
Heard their sad tale, and pressed them
oft to stay,
Or helped them forward on their dreary
way;
Then why shouldst thou with haggar'd
looks appear,
And grin with pleasure as thou enterest
here?
View those four boys, and say why thou
should'st seek
To bleach the blooming roses on their
cheek;
To draw from Emma's eye the trickling
brine,
Or plough deep furrows on this face of
mine;
Ah! luckless day! for bitter is the
proof.
When first thou stumbledst on my
humble roof,
I've marked thee long, Oppression came
before,
And pushed misfortune headlong in my
door;
Deprived of all, nay, e'en of hope be-
reft,
Each guest take now the seats my friends
have left;
Come sit ye down, bid sorrow bring a
chair,
Need no inviting, where's the waiter
care,
Draw round my table all ye meagre
throng,
And pain shall whine out disappoint-
ment's song.

J. BAGNETT.

Eastbourne Barracks.

IMPROMPTU:

To a beautiful ornamented silver snuff-box which was given to the author by Eliza.

NO vulgar snuff my little box shall
e'er
Contaminate with its vile noxious
smell;
But best rappee, and some rich odour
rare,
Shall in its beauteous form for ever
dwell.

Oft on the dreary road I've took my
round,
When wintry piercing winds each
brook did freeze;
Oh! in a pinch from thee what joy I've
found,
And rouz'd each nerve with many a
hearty sneeze!

Yet far more dear would that blest pe-
riod be,
If the fair donor I could call my own;
Then in the halcyon hour I'd hand out
thee,
And snuff a' pinch by ev'ry soul un-
known.

Oh! oft her lovely name will meet my
eye,
Which ever on thy lid you will re-
tain;
Ah! that will cause, a thought! — that
thought a sigh! —
That sigh a thousand tender thoughts
again.

S. Y.

B*****.

A New & Elegant Pattern for the Front of a Dress &c. Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

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